an Insane Asylux -She Escape From Her Home and Was and Wandering About a Streets.

As James Draw an aged banker of the firm of Drake, son & Co., Wall street, New York, was out to enter his office the other morn to saw a woman stand-ing as if dazed confused in front of the United Stantage Parkets the United Structreasury building. He recognized her sais own daughter, and, although 80 years age, he ran to where she was stand aught her by the arm and led her S to the police station, where he exped the situation to the captain. In a an hour detectives arrived with the er of commitment, and the unfortunate man was driven away, aught her by the arm mumbling lines in plays. The old father, with tears ming from his cim eyes, went slowly b turmoil of bu This woman who attracted little attention four years ago, by ling her luxurious home ter, whose for and social position did those of the Dreker.

Darly Life. Her career been in its way an in-teresting one her grasp were wealth, position and liness. Frantia she chose the of life that glitters and parkles, and and that the glitter and sparkle cond misery and want. She aspired to hand in the chonors and married a carpenter played the races. She



went inti the horus and became dissatisfied became was not made a star in a week. Sing under the lash of poverty she had, a year ago, the name of her old his in the public prints through the median anonymous letters, describing her be ical ambitions. Then her father their home again, but her actions wen fuch a nature as to warrant him in the her sanity inquired into. Experts shed her insane, an order of commitment as secured, and she was taken to become in the custody of private datas. Edith Drake was born twenty-fit sears ago. She was hard to manage he early youth, but every kindness was on her, and when she reached the set 16 she was sent to Europe to committer education.

Music we'r passion at that time, and she recordall the advantages the con-servators the Old World had to offer. servators the Old World had to offer. She read to her home after five years, streng is idea, that she was destined to become crees. Her father reasoned with heal it was thought after the lapse dang that the desire to shine on the stable worn off. Some five years ego she mested a disposition to make strang to intances. Through a girl living a be least side, whom she had met in a stater, she was introduced to a rather intecterie of young people, who gave to dances regularly in the half had a state with the street. Her first aparate and all success. She was petted, and the fact all of the street of the fact all of the street of courted.

en, all of hom took pride in the fact
that they is as a member of their club
the daughte of a Wall street banker. It
was in the gray mist of dawn that she
reached her home that morning, accompanied by the entire membership of the
club. She had struck a new sphere in life,
one with which she was not familiar, one
with the fascinated her. Everybody was so

Meeting McGibney. was in August, 1892, at the Cone Island track, that she met Samuel McGib ney, a carpenter by trade; a race track frequenter by inclination. He was a fine looking fellow, and he managed to dress frequenter by looking fellow, and he managed to the looking fellow, and he managed to the well. After a conversation lasting about well an hour with Edith Drake he stood well an hour with Edith Drake he stood well an hour with estimation to borrow money think

which fascinated her. Everybody was so free and easy she thought it was Bohemia.

an hour with Edith Drake he stood well enough in her estimation to borrow money from her. He asked her if she didn't think it would be a good idea to marry him.

"I guess it would," was her response.

The next day Edith went to her father. She told him she had found a man to be proud of; a true man, who was willing to marry her. She loved him, she said, with all her heart. As she desired was a dowry to mable her flinces to get on his feet—about \$5,000. Mr. Drake refused to let her

TO POVERTY. The Widow of a Prominent Chicago Man in Jail Charged With the

Theft of Six Purses-Cocaine the Cause of Her Downfall.

MRS. ANNIE MYERS.

Mrs. Annie C. Meyers, formerly the wife of a man of wealth and position, once a leader of Chicago's 400, one of the lady managers of the world's fair and a respected church member, was arrested in Chicago the other day charged with stealing the purses of six stenographers. It is cocaine to which Mrs. Meyers owes her degeneration.

purses of six stenographers. It is cocaine to which Mrs. Meyers owes her degeneration.

The victim of the powerful drug was a plitful sight in her rags of poverty.

The change wrought by the polson has wrecked the life that was once so full of happliners and pleasure. As she answered to the charges made against her, her face showed signs of the drug's power over her. She wept bitterly. She pleaded to a sympathetic judge, asking him to save her from the penitentiary, yet throughout her walling she clamored for the cocaine which had been her ruin.

Six complainants told stories which implicated the woman in thefts committed during four months. The ways in which the crimes were perpetrated were similar. Mrs. Meyers had entered the offices and while the young women were answering the telephones or attending to other business she would boldly selze upon the money and make her escape. The amounts contained in the books ran from \$1 to \$30, and the victims of the thefts identified Mrs. Meyers as the woman who had robbed them. Each told her story.

As the magistrate looked at the woman he remembered when she was proud and richly dressed; when she had property of her own to the value of \$25,000. He remembered also how she had been defrauded out of it by a man with more wit than conscience. He recalled the story how, shortly after the world's fair, a woman of 45 years fell desperately in love, to suffer the humiliation of no love in return.

"Mrs. Meyers," said Justice Martin, "I have known you for many years. For two years I have seen you going the down grade. For your own good I must hold you to the grand jury and let a higher court see if something cannot be done for you."

"Send me away, send me away!" she begged. "I cannot stand this disgrace. I will work and earn money to pay back those young girls who say I stole from them. I will beg. I have begged for cocaine money. I will do anything, only let me go. I will tell fortunes."

have a cent, so she lent McGlbney her jew-elry and her money, and all her wealth went to swell the profits of the bookmakwent to swell the profits of the bookmakers.

Edith, in her extremity, consulted M. F.
Dwyer, who advised her to "give McGibney his head." What he meant he has
never explained, but Edith took it to mean
that McGibney was all right. At all events,
she eloped with him, her father cast her
off, and she went to live with her husband
in a boarding house in Harlem.

McGibney was not lucky in his race track
ventures, and Edith determined to go on
the stage. Her father consented to pay
for dramatic instruction, and she studied
for some time under various teachers, but
never remained for long in any school.
Mr. Drake finally took his daughter to his
home.

bank. A substantial wallet, bound about with a piece of stout twine, seemed safest. And all went well until one night Mrs. Fitzgerald felt for her wallet, and almost dropped in a faint when her fingers falled to touch it. She startled her sister-in-law with the cry: "It's gone! My money's gone!" Then began an excited, but fruitiens, search through drawers and under furniture. Which she had been subjected, and she quietly left her father's apartments. Bite failed to return, the police were notified, private detectives were put on the track, and every effort that could possibly made was exerted to find her. She had covered her tracks well, until finally discovered on the street by her father.

bank. A substantial wallet, bound about with a piece of stout twine, seemed safest. And all went well until one pight Mrs. Fitzgerald felt for her wallet, and almost dropped in a faint when her fingers falled to touch it. She startled her sister-in-law with the cry: "It's gone! My money's gone!" Then began an excited, but fruit-iess, search through drawers and under furniture.

Mrs. Fitzgerald then bethough the self of the power of the press, and inserted the following advertisement:

"Lost-Pocketbook, containing \$146; for God's sake, return my savings. Mary Fitzgerald, 325 Seventh avenue."

Upon her return to her home she began to receive her loss to the sympathizing

GIRL COLLEGE PRESIDENT. Miss Leila McKee Doing Good Work in an Ohio Institution.

The typical Southern girl is generally associated in people's minds with soft speech and languid movement, except when she is in the saddle riding to hounds with her father or brother. In a general way accomplishments are supposed to comprise complishments are supposed to comprise her education, and few can imagine her taking even the most distant part in public affairs. There are notable exceptions, however, and to this class belongs Miss Lella McKee, president of the Western College for Women at Oxford, O. Born and reared in the heart of the beautiful bluegrass region of Kentucky, Miss McKee is a thorough Southerner. She is a tall, handsome woman, with bright, dark eyes, an expressive face and a graceful carriage. Her speech is guiltless of the letter r, but her voice is strong and symnathetic, and her voice is strong and sympathetic, and she does not betray the slightest trace of any Southern languor. In 1888 she was called to the presidency

In 1888 she was called to the presidency of the Western Female seminary to succeed Miss Helen Peabody, who had been the principal of this institution for thirty-three years. During the nine years of Miss McKee's administration the literary character of the Western has been completely changed. She has gathered about her a faculty composed of women from the very best colleges in the country, and as a consequence the Western is to-day considered the best separate college for women in the West. It maintains a higher standard for entrance than do many of the colleges in the state, and it demands thorough work from its students. All this has been done with the most meager endowment, and it is an eloquent testimony to one woman's mind and soul and activity.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN TO

en Experts in Crabs and

Lobsters.

OFFICE WITHIN THE YEAR. Already in the Service There Are Women Ethnologists and Wom-

Rumors have gone abroad of late to the effect that women are being crowded out of the government service. Figures, however, do not indorse any such belief. During the twelve months ending September 15, 1897, now fewer than 364 women were appointed to places through examination by the civil service commission. This reckoning does not include large numbers of women put into the exceutive departments and elsewhere as char-

large numbers of women put into the executive departments and elsewhere as charwomen and "laborers," most of the latter deing clerical work or other skilled work at \$40 to \$55 a month.

The figures show that the District of Columbia, with 118 appointments of women during the year, is far in advance of all the states in respect to the number of women curing the year, is far in advance of all the states in respect to the number of women appointed to office. Of this large number, 109 are printers' assistants and "skilled" laborers in the bureau of engraving and the government printing office, drawing \$1.25 to \$1.30 a day as wages. Of the rest there are teachers in the Indian service at \$550 to \$600 a year; one in a translator in the department of state, at \$1.200, and five are attendants in governmen hospitals at \$14 a month and board. Next after the District of Columbia comes Illinois, with twenty-four women appointed—eighteen of them "assistant microscopists," at \$600 a year, whose duty it is to inspect the meat of cattle and hogs for possible disease; two Indian teachers at \$600, two printers' assistants, one cook at an Irdian school at \$500, and one assistant marron in the same school, at \$450.

The Indian bureau is offering, just at present, by far the best opportunities for women under the government. The available places reserved for persons of that sex are numerous and well paid. Cooks at the schools and agencies, for example, get \$450.

Aiready in the government service there are women botanists, women ethnologists and women experts in crabs and lobsters (attached to the Smithsonian institution), while the most accurate living artist in the representation of insects is attached to the bureau of entomology at Washington. Devin's fault. He robbed me of my money and left me nothing to live on. I can cure myself of the habit. I am curing myself." The wretched little woman bowed her head against the grating of her cell and cried desperately.

Mrs. Mary Stevens, of 154 Wood street, a crief of the woman, and the only person who comes near her, interceded for her, begging that the church people be notified to come to her assistance.

As a last plea the wretched woman begged that whatever was done for her, not to send her to the poorhouse.

"I am dragged into the gutter now, and I beg of you to save me, save me."

the representation of insects is attached to the bureau of entomology at Washington.

The petticoat in office was a thing unheard of until war times, when General Spinher employed a few of the sex to cut notes apart with shears.

The rapidity with which women jump to conclusions, especially false ones, is notorious. If an article is not in the exact spot where it was placed, most housewives immediately think it is lost. Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, of 325 Seventh avenue, New York city, is one of these persons. She would not intrust her savings to the care of a bank. A substantial wallet, bound about with a plece of stout twine, seemed safest. And all went well until one night Mrs. Fitzgerald felt for her wallet, and almost dropped in a faint when her fingers failed to touch it. She startled her sister-in-law with the cry: "It's gone! My money's gone!" Then began an excited, but fruities, search through drawers and under furniture.

MRS. M'KINLEY'S TABLE MATS.

The petticoat in office was a thing unheard of until war times, when General Spinher employed a few of the sex to cut notes apart with shears.

The Indian service calls for a great many teachers. They get \$3.00 per armon. Two of them, sationed at Fort Belknap, Mont., and Fort Louis, Col., are obliged to give extra instruction in vocal and instrumental music, which is expected to be very valuable to the copper-color of the government service. One of them is chief librarian in the bureau of public drouments. Two mere girls were appointed about the postoffice department could not be replaced by equally competent men, and the same is true of the women who dissect and identify the paper money damented that male human beings cannot evecute these tasks as efficiently as those of the general start of the women who dissect and identify the paper money damented that male human beings cannot evecute these tasks as efficiently as those of the general start of the women who dissect and identify the paper money damented that male human beings cannot evecute these tasks as eff



MRS. M'KINLEY'S LATEST MAT. From Puck.
"What is talent—and what is genius?"
"Talent is a trolley on the wire; genius is a trolley that can travel without a wire."

MRS. M'KINLEY'S LATEST MAT.

strong enough to be an athletic woman she has time to get up many new designs

ROMANCE OFFITH DRAKE, MRS. ANNIE MYERS' FALL FROM AFFLUENCE WOMAN'S WORK FOR U. S. ARICH BROOKLYN WIDOW WEDS A NEGRO.

Mrs. John S. Provost Finds a Second Husband in the "Speckled TRUE STORY OF THE INCIDENT OF Beauty" Who Taught Her To Ride a Bicycle.



Mrs. John S. Provost, a wealthy widow of Brooklyn, was married to James A. Cutlar, a negro, last November. The couple met in a bleycle academy—Mrs. Provost as pupil; Cutlar as instructor. The news of their marriage has just been made public and caused a sensation in Brooklyn society.

Minnie C. Demond. Her father, George W. Demond, was a well known and wealthy business man. Minnie was his "spoiled darling." She was a brunette, handsome and vivacious. Her face and

TEN YEARS WITHOUT A WORD. A Leaking Roof Discloses a Peculiar

Infelicity. The New York Journal thus tells the story of a long estrangement of Mathew Henning and his wife, Margaret, of Mount

Vernon, N. Y.: For ten years of the twenty-five that

Through these ten years the house in which they lived has been one of the land-marks of the district and an object of pleasantry to the irreverent.
"Choose your part of the house; I'll take mine." said the husband.
And the wife went unsiders while the man Choose your part of the house; I'll take mine," said the husband.

And the wife went upstairs while the man remained on the ground floor.

Gradually, week by week, years by years, the neighbors saw the upper part of the house slowly disintegrate from decency. The first gusts of winter broke the windows upstairs, but the vacancies were never filled up and the wind had free play.

"I've offered to pay for the repairs to my half," said Mrs. Henning to her neighbors, "but when workmen come he simply warns them away with a shotgun."

She bore it all, however, until the shingle roof began to leak. As winter followed winter the gaps grew larger and larger, so that as she lay in her bed at night the rain would beat down upon her. Haggard, but resolute, she walked into the office of the board of health yesterday and appealed for help.

Thave borne this neglect for ten years sooner than drag my sorrows into the light," she said. "My husband protects his half of the house, but refuses to spend a dollar for the repair of the roof that

the Was a Patriotic Woman, but Her

figure caught the eyes of the men.

Among those in her set was John C.

Provost, who had inherited a fortune from his/father. Miss Demond's prominence in all the leading social affairs of the Eastern district of Brooklyn brought many young men to her feet, but she dismissed

of fancy work, all of which are eagerly

of fancy work, all of which are eagerly copied by the people who are privileged to drop in the White House of a morning when the president's wife is at leisure. It is said that Mrs. McKinley has a new design for each new caller to see, and that each one is a little prettier than the last.

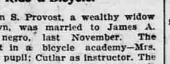
While she was away this summer she learned to make a kind of table mat to be used upon a bare table at luncheon. It is heavy enough for the hot dishes to rest upon and yet it has a very lacey look. It is made of butter-colored cotton, very coarse and of the dye that washes. The design is a small round-and-round crochet stitch, which forms a scallop. As the pattern is carried around the mat a stitch is taken from the middle of the scallop, underneath, instead of in the end, as is the common way. This allows a little overlapping shell, which is very pretty.

Mrs. McKinley makes the mats different sizes and allows an oval design for the meat platter.

Condition of Domestic

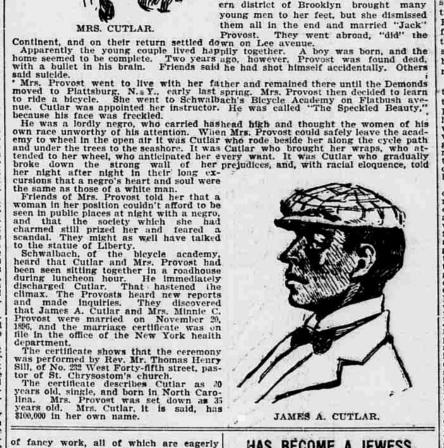
the couple have been man and wife they had spoken no word. Yet they lived under the same roof, but as much apart as if the width of the Atlantic ocean divided

The health officials could only look doubtful and weakly murmur that they would try their best to help her, and it they fall the woman will seek protection from the courts.



The woman, who still is young, was Miss Gibsen, of Pittsburg, is so well acquainted octails of the episode that the account is given as he narrates it. He was a soldler into Frederick, with McClellan's army, in

them all in the end and married "Jack"



HAS BECOME A JEWESS.

Nellie Byrne, who has been a communicant in St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Paterson, N. J., and had many admirers of her own faith; was to be married in New York city to Louis Pinner, of Paterson, by a rabbi. She adjured her own religion and embraced that of her lover.

The couple had many obstacles in their love making, but opposition only made them more determined to wed. Neilie's widowed mother and her two brothers and two sisters were averse to the alliance, and the Byrne residence was closed to Pinner. His relatives were likewise opposed to the wedding, even when Miss Byrne consented to study the doctrines of Jadaism with a view to their adoption. Rev. Abraham Isaacs, of the Barnert Memorial synagogue, in Paterson, was consulted, and refused to sanction the proceedings, so that Neilie had to go to New York, for instruction in the tenets of her lover's faith, which she finally determined to embrace. New York city to Louis Pinner, of Pater-

two sisters were averse to the alliance, test he mats different oval design for the wedding, even when Miss Byrne consented to study the doctrines of places a Peculiar and the Work for instruction in the tenest of the oval design for a New York congregation.

In all all may be interesting news to the fem linke portion of the population to know that the now famous novellst, Anthony the for the hand of a Milwaukee woman. It may be interesting news to the fem linke portion of the population to know that the now famous novellst, Anthony the war, inter broke the winding the wind had free play. If the wind had free play, ye for the repairs to find the properties of the same came he simply the wind had free play. If the winding had not the off-health years and the properties to wind the fee play. If the winding had not the off-health years into the winding for a school chum properties of the wedding, seven when Miss Byrne consented to study the doctrines of the wedding. The next for the wedding the well the well and the properties of the winding the well and the properties of the winding the well and the properties of the same of a Milwaukee woman. If the structure of the same than the properties of the same than the prop

From the Detroit Free Press.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Brightly—"My son was a chief wrangler in college."

Mrs. Parvenu—"And mine was chief tackler. How gratifying it is."

From the Washington Star.

Pedalton used to be very fond of saying there is no such thing as perfection in life."

"Yes. But that was before he bought his new bicycle."

fellie Byrne, in Order to Wed Louis Pinner, of Paterson, N. J., Leaves the Catholic Church.

the left hand side of Patrick street, on the left hand side of Patrick street, stood the humble home of Barbara Fritchie. During the passage of the rebels the old lady came out and routed the rebels wino were resting on her porch, punching them with her cane and telling them to "begone." No flag was waved, and there was no foundation for the famous poem, Although Barbara Fritchie was then 9 years of age, she was in her usual strength of body and of mind.

No sooner did the Union troops turn the corner on Patrick street than her little niece, now Mrs. Julia M. Abbott, of Frederick City, went to the old family Bible and took out a little silk flag, concealed where the rebels would be least liable to find it, and waved it vigorously all the afternoon, standing by the side of her grardaunt, Barbara Fritchie. Many of the soldiers came up the steps to shake the hand of "Aunt Burbara" and the little girl who stood by her side. The cheering of the Union troops was continuous. Dr. Gibson passed the following winter in Frederick City and became well acquainted with Barbara Fritchie, her daughter, Mrs. Henna Hornshaw, and her niece, Mrs. Julia M. Hornshaw, and her niece, Mrs. Henna Hornshaw, and her niece, Mrs. Fritchie, her daughter, Mrs. Henna hornshaw, and her niece, Mrs. She also owns, among other articles, the bedstead and dishes that belonged to Mrs. Fritchie.

Mrs. Fritchie's house stood on a point which projected into the creek. It became quite a mecca for visitors from the North. A few years after the war there was a very destructive flood in the creek in Frederick. The municipal authorities, who were still largely in sympathy with the "lost cause," took their opportunity and straightened the bend on Frederick street. This obliterated every vestige of Barbara Fritchie was of superior ancestry, and her relatives served in the American Revolution. Many of her relatives still live in Frederick, who fo Missouri Man Went to Ohlo to Attend a Wedding and Came Back With a Wife.

JILTED HER FARMER LOVER.

BRAVE OLD BARBARA.

FREDERICKTOWN.

Niece Waved the Flag After the

Confederates Had Left-The

Old House Wiped Out.

A recently published story with regard

o "Barbara Fritchie and Fredericktown,"

s so erroneous that a true account of the

with all the parties concerned and all the

in the Army of the Potomac, and marched

cursuit of the retreating legions of Lec.

The Confederates marched in very rapid

style down Market street from the direc-

tion of Washington and turned west on

Petrick street. As the rear of the rebel forces turned the corner they were over-taken by the Federal cavalry, and for a

square or two there was a lively skirmish between the enemy and the retreating About a square from Market street, on

the humble home of Barbara Fritchie.

One young farmer in Oxford, O., is very sorry that he ever consented to allow his fiancee act as bridesmaid for a school chum

MODERN WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD, WHO HAVE DONE SOMETHING OF MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST.

IAN WORKS ON CATTLESHIP

Way From Baltimore to Liverpool. w living in Sheffield, England,

has power over all lives. One hall in New York city she was hospital, ill, in her stage clothing to the story which she tards, she was discharged in the thing. A great wave of longing to her way of life came over her, solved never again to go back ge. Still wearing the clothing she had been discharged from al, she drifted to Baltimore and work. In the course of time d the office of John J. Gillman

th Charles street. nan ships cattlemen for the leave Baltimore for Liverpool. suspect the slender young felng about his office for five days n "lay." The young fellow on a cattle train from the was supposed to be familiar

MRS. LINK A HUNTRESS.

Wildents.

On the western slope of Neversink mountain, Pa., and about two miles from the women jurors, and the result has been entice and interesting past as Mrs. Robert S. Hannah Webber was singing have been surpassed by few men and whose the fundamental principles of law. favorite and inseparable companions in her hunting trips are two wildcats.

farm and home in order she has spent on the wildest parts of the different hunting grounds within a radius of twenty miles of Reading. Numerous skins of fur-coated animals adorn their modest home in evidence of her ability to locate the game and bring it to the ground when found.

About a year go, when on one of these hunting trips, after a walk of over ten miles, she stopped to rest in the woods, building, the jury came into court with and placed her gun against the side of a dead oak tree. While doing so the huntress noticed that the trunk of the old oak was hollow, having a hole of quite good size in the side. Placing her hand in the opening, thinking she might find the nest of a mountain bird, she was somewhat startled to have it slightly bitten. But Mrs. Link is fearless and a little thing like that did not deter her from continuing the in-

Few Men-Her Companions

FUNNY WOMEN JURORS.

Talent and Genius.

MODESTY IN ENGLAND.

There Are No Bath Houses, No Cos-

tumes, No Prudery-Only Lots

of Fun. The London Telegraph describes a fash-

ionable watering place in England, where the bathing beach is half girdled by the blue waters of four bays, each in close

proximity, and overlooked by the houses

as Evidence-They Finally Agreed.

the mountains with rifle or gun, and many en, Mrs. R. E. Green, Mrs. Boyakin, Mrs. of the hours not required in keeping her E. J. Pasmore and one unmarried woman farm and home in order she has spent on Miss S. F. Wood. Perhaps the men couldn

work.

Try Webber," as she called herplaced on the first ship that left.

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Try Weber, as she called her be the bring like the br

SHE IS A G. A. R. MEMBER. sed as a Man, She Worked Her She Has Had Successes Surpassed by Took the District Attorney's Remarks Mrs. Brownell Earned the Right to

Membership by Enlisting in the

Union Army.

ag of "new women," a woman if and meteoric career in the heart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. Perhaps it was inheart of Reading, lives, with her parents, tertaining anyway. gained quite a reputation in that section done, and the next time these particular outbreak of the war in the Second but-as a huntress, whose exploits and success women sit on a jury they will have learned talion of the First Rhode Island detached militia. She participated in several bat-It was a probate case before Judge ties and was mustered out of the service Plake. The jury was mixed in the matter in the spring of 1863. Love was the cause Since youth Mrs. Link has loved to roam of sex, there being two men and four wom- which induced her to enter the army. Just hefore the outbreak of the war she was narried to the man whose name she now bears. Three days after the wedding the busband informed his bride that he had enlisted in the army. At first she tried to persuade him to change his mind, but he was determined, and, finding that she could not swerve him from his path, she determined to accompany him. The day of departure finally came and as the boat which was to carry the volunteers was about to pull out from the pier it was discovered that Mrs. Brownell had secreted herself on board. One of the crew informed Colonel Burnside of this fact, and, despite her pleadings to be permitted to accompany her husband, she was put ashore. She then appealed to the governor. Her persistent requests to be permitted to be enrolled in the army were finally acceded to by William Sprague, who was then governor of Rhode Island, and she became a member of the First Rhode Island regiment, which was being equipped at that time. husband informed his bride that he had

ment, which was being equipped at that time.

At the expiration of her term she returned to Providence, where she received a regular discharge, but later re-anlisted in the Fifth Rhade Island regiment. On March 13, 1862, the Union forces disembarked on the banks of the Neuse river, preparatory to the battle of Newbern. It was during this battle that her husband was badly wounded. He never recovered from the wound sufficiently to re-enter the service, and in the spring of 1863 they were both discharged and returned to their home in Providence. Mrs. Brownell was known to her comfades as "Kady" Brownell while on march. She is now nearly 55 years old. In view of her interesting war record she was proposed as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1867. She was unanimously elected a member of the Rills Howe, Pr. peef. No. 4, of Bridgsport. This distinction makes her the only woman Grand Army member in the country.

WOMAN GAME WARDEN. Mich., Wears Trousers and Is

n Dend Shot. Grand Traverse county, Michigan, has a new variety of the new woman. She is a game warden, and woe to the angler or the

wingshot who breaks the game laws of the Mrs. Neal wears trousers. Not bloomers understand. They are bonz fide trousers, although made somewhat loose and flow-ing. There is nobody in Grand Traverse county who questions Mrs. Neal's capacity

She handles a rifle like an expert, and although she can not split a bullet on a knife blade at 100 yards, she can bring down almost any sort of game that may ross her path.
Think of that, ye women of high heels and embroidery.

as a game warden.

This Michigan Diana knows every inch of the territory she has to patrol. It is densely wooded, and there are many miles which she will be obliged to traverse and o guard against violators of the game and fish laws. Just think of being in the height of a wrestle with a refractory trout forty miles from the nearest railroad and having a

woman in trousers come up and arrest you for cruelty to fish.

Mrs. Neal makes a trip over the entire country once a week. She rides over the country on horseback. She starts out in the orthodox way with both feet on the port side of her horse. There are rumors, however, that when once beyond municipal jurisdiction she adopts the clothespin style of navigation as being better suited to a

ong, hard jaunt.
On many of the lakes there are boats belonging to Mrs. Neal, which she keeps hid-den in the underbrush until wanted. During May the Michigan game and fish

DAUGHTER'S SACRIFICE.

to Minister to Her Father.

Isolated from the world, with all its comforts and pleasures, and living from day to day in a rude hut on the sand dunes ing father. Ill health has made a hermit of the Rev. Mr. James E. Kenny and relegated his devoted daughter to a lonely life on the bleak sunds at the western end of the island. For years the father and loving daughter have dwelt there. The aged clergyman could not live anywhere else, and his only child devotes her life to his care. Her single thought is that happiness may attend the declining years of her unfortunate father, who spent a fortune traveling over the world in of health. The couple possess little be yond the home built by the invalid, but they are contented and happy among the swamps and hills of yellow sand.

Twelve years or more the old man tolled on the little structure of brick and cement which they call home. It is not yet com-pleted, but the place is comfortable, and Mr. Kenny can breathe there. He is troubled with asthma, and the damp salt air of the marshes prolongs his life. So times the old man is troubled with his heart. These attacks generally come on in the night, and Edith, the daughter, hastens alone through the swamps to fetch the doctor. But the brave girl is not afraid. Her only fear is the thought of leaving the invalid alone. The nearest physician is at Mariner's harbor, two and one-half miles away. The road through the swamps is dark and treacherous, and at one place Miss Kenny climbs a ladder to high ratiroad trestle, nearly a mile in During May the Michigan game and hish warden's department prosecuted 109 alleged violators of the law and convicted ninetysix, growing out of 149 complaints. It will be seen, therefore, that Mrs. Neal's position is no sineoure.

Most of these cases were for violation of the fish laws, and a majority of them were the fish laws, and a majority of them were man accused by Mrs. Neal,

TWO NEW WOMEN.

Mrs. Neal, of Grand Traverse County, Miss Edith Kenny Lives a Lonely Life They Labor Manfully at the Occupation Immortalised by Lin-

coln. Two of the very latest types of the new woman have just been discovered in the woods back of Wall's station, on the Pennof Staten Island, Edith Kenny spends her sylvania railroad. These two women-or days ministering to the wants of her dyrather girls, as the oldest does not appear to be over 20 years of age-have broken in on the occupation immortalized by Abraham Lincoln. They split rails and make pit posts and caps for the Spring Hill Coal company, whose works are between Wil-

merding and Wall's. Annie and Mary Wilson are the names of these two women. They are sisters. When the reporter made their acquaintance they were swinging an eight foot cross-cut saw through an oak tree with apparently as much ease as some women run a type-writer. They do all the work of felling the trees, sawing them into proper lengths, and finally with their axes splitting them into pit posts. They are assisted to some

extent by their younger brother.

They came from Indiana, where it is a They came from Indiana, where it is a common thing for women to work in the timber. "The work is not hard when you get used to it," one said, "and then we can make more money splitting rails and making pit posts in one day than we could in a week working in a kitchen. What's the difference, so long as the work is honest, how one earns a living?

"Although I work hard every day, rain or shine. I never set sick I was never

or shine, I never get sick. I was never sick in my life. The people around here all talk about us, but we don't care for that. We are earning a good living and don't own sweets.

that. We are earning a good living and don't owe anyone a cent."

By this time the tree was sawed through and ready to split into posts. One of the girls set an from wedge into one end of the log and with a large mani weighing about twenty pounds drove it in, splitting the log from and to end. The operation was repeated until the log was split into state for posts. Then the axes were brought into play and the posts trimmed up and shaped.